Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, April 11, 1918 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE PYRAMIDS

Built of the same unyielding stone,
  On which were writ and downward hurled
Those Ten Commandments, which alone
  Stand firm within a changing world.

Thus do these monuments sublime
  Stand fast, while ages o'er them roll,—
Immovable, defying time,
  A lasting symbol of the soul.

To all a record, and a sign
  Of truth unchanged, without, within.
For law is law. E'en Love Divine
  Forgives the sinner, not the sin.

—*M. A. B. Evans.*

From The Caliph's Secret (Putnam).

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1918 Number 6

THE HIGHWAY.

"Whatever road I take, joins the highway that leads to thee."

When the night is still and far,
  Watcher from the shadowed deeps!
When the morning breaks its bar,
  Life that shines and wakes and leaps!
When old Bible-verses glow,
  Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills with quiet dawn
  From the peace our years have brought,—
    Sun within both skies, we see
    How all lights lead back to thee!

'Cross the field of daily work
  Run the footpaths, leading—where?
Run they east or run they west,
  One way all the workers fare
Every awful thing of earth,—
  Sin and pain and battle-noise;
Every dear thing,—baby's birth,
  Faces, flowers, or lovers' joys,—
    Is a wicket-gate, where we
    Join the great highway to thee!

Restless, restless, speed we on,—
  Whither in the vast unknown?
Not to you and not to me
  Are the sealed orders shown:
But the Hand that built the road,
  And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
  Are such invitation sweet,
    That where I no longer see,
    Highway still must lead to thee!

—*William C. Gannett.*

England evidently has its troubles with the civil service as well as the United States. *The Christian Life* remarks without comment on the appointment of one of the directors of the Underground Railroad in London as "Paper Controller" and adds that, "It has been officially admitted in the House of Commons that the gentleman has had no experience in matters connected with paper."

A Boston cotton-mill has found a new use for the cat. The affable creature is permitted to go about at will among the girl workers because the owner has found that it has increased the efficiency of the department by ten per cent. "What did it do; kill mice? No, it killed monotony and kept the girls good humored." Of course *Our Dumb Animals* for April would pick up such a story as that from *The Ladies' World* and of course, again, Unity likes the story well enough to pick it up once more.

Of the making of many books on religion there is no end. One of the most interesting of those recently published is that by eleven professors of the department of the History of Religions of the University of Pennsylvania. These lectures, given last year at the university, are now published by Lippincott under the title "Religions of the Past and Present." All the great historic religions are passed in review, including one on early and one on mediæval Christianity. These lectures differ considerably in value, but, as a whole, the book gives a careful and important review of the evolution of the higher types of religion as they have severally appeared. G. W. C.

The question of the uselessness of dogs and cats is being agitated both in American and English papers. Lord Hamilton has been advising the killing of dogs and making them into meat pies, and attacks on dogs are being led in the House of Commons. The destruction of dogs and cats as pets is urged in the United States for sanitary reasons. Unity is willing to sacrifice the cats but it would like to draw the line on dogs who have established human relations on the score that they have been so humanized that the destruction of their lives verges on the crime of homicide. But then in these days when human slaughter is so commended the humanized dog can scarcely be held exempt.

The New World for April contains an appreciative note of Dr. Rauschenbusch's new book, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," which we are glad to commend. The writer says that the Professor "insists upon the necessity and possibility of redeeming the life of mankind from social wrongs that now pervade it. . . . a salvation confined to the soul and its personal interests is imperfect and only partly effective. 'Salvation is the voluntary socializing of the soul.'" The writer heartily indorses the opinion expressed by the reviewer that,

> This book will be a most inspiring source of illumination not only to all ministers of this generation who are striving to be faithful shepherds of their flocks, but also to that vastly larger number who are earnestly endeavoring to be "true seers of God and true followers of Jesus."

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has bestowed the "Medal Awarded for Humanity" upon a Metropolitan park officer, W. C. Martin, for rescuing a robin that had been overcome on one of the coldest days in February and had fallen in the snow on the ice of Charles River. The

bird was revived in the warmth of the station house and placed where it would be comfortable until the arrival of warm weather. Slowly but surely the law of kindness is becoming the law of human conduct. It is a little humiliating that such an obvious bit of good will should be, even in Boston, deemed worthy of a medal. Why should not an officer be doing that? What was he there for?

Our old friend, William M. Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society in former years, has recently published through Holt in New York an able volume of five hundred pages on Nietzsche the Thinker. It is a scholarly review of all phases of the life and writings of this great philosopher. Whatever we may think of Nietzsche's teachings, he has made a great stir in the world, and he has put forth ideas worthy of the most careful consideration. His doctrine of the superman alone gives him a place of the first rank as a social interpreter. His criticisms of the current morality and religion make him a formidable antagonist of established and currently accepted ideas. All this, and a great deal more, finds the most careful, painstaking and scientific treatment in Salter's book. We hope soon to give this work a fitting review by an able scholar. G. W. C.

The Kaiser Conquers Again

The most that can be said of the military triumphs of the Central powers is that they have succeeded in producing an ominous menace to the armies of the Allied forces. At a cost of life and property beyond all computation they have necessitated a similar sacrifice on the part of their enemies without in any serious way disturbing the pre-war geographical *status quo*. Spite of the millions of lives lost, the billions of property destroyed, the desecrations of home, the church, the state, so far as military maneuvers are concerned the situation has been a deadlock. The upheavals on the Eastern battle front have been brought about through political revolutions, internal disorganizations of Russia, rather than by military triumphs on the part of invading powers. That situation still obtains. But it must be confessed that the Kaiser has not been without his conquests. He has succeeded in perverting the ideals of statesmen, corrupting the theories of philosophers, lowering the standards of religion, confusing the teaching of those who would speak for the "Prince of Peace" and demoralizing the standards and confusing the work of the so-called Christian world. The Kaiser's philosophy, as interpreted throughout the allied countries, is the philosophy of force, the assumption that in international affairs the ultimate court of appeal always has been, is now and probably always will be, an appeal to brawn rather than to brain and that the defense of a nation must always be entrusted to armed forces and armored ships.

Slowly, but with awful effectiveness, this doctrine has successfully invaded the realms of philosophy, education and religion. At first the ravages of this philosophy seemed to be confined to Europe, but a year ago the United States capitulated. The universities of the land, one after another, surrendered to the gruesome philosophy, the preachers with but little apparent resistance surrendered.

Many months ago Lloyd-George reduced the philosophy of the Kaiser to an epigram when he said that nothing would settle the issue but a "knock-out" blow. Now the last to surrender among high officials has been President Wilson if the climax of his belligerent speech at Baltimore the other day is to be taken on its face value, which we are loath to do. It is but fair to give the President the benefit of the doubt, for he no more than his colleagues in Congress and elsewhere can always be immune from the temptations of the orator and the entanglements of rhetoric. It is fair to interpret him in this speech by the context which includes his official utterances during his entire official career which UNITY has delighted in collating and reproducing in many ways at many times. The Wilson who has so continuously appealed to reason, to the universal requirements of philosophy, morality and religion must not be judged by this last explosion which places him in the ranks of Treitschke, Bernhardi, Roosevelt and the great head of the Hohenzollern family. In his closing sentence he has stated in his usual masterly way the philosophy that has always justified war in defiance to the saints, sages and seers of history:

> **Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust!**

We remember the claim that seems to justify this conclusion, namely, that all other methods have been tried and failed, that there is no indication now that anything but force will meet the approval or command the attention of the grim belligerent forces which the Allied forces are called upon to meet. All suggestions looking toward negotiation, conference or arbitration are distrusted whether the utterances be those of Czernin, the Austrian chancellor, or the unofficial utterances of the continental press.

Alas, the words "diplomacy" and "duplicity" are as closely allied in statesmanship as they are in etymology. The suspicion is justified concerning any utterance that may come from officials under the stress of battle.

But Czernin, designedly or otherwise, has spoken for a constituency touched with the pathos of prayerful sincerity, a constituency that cannot be dismissed

by opprobrious epithets and the superficial charges of treason, disloyalty or cowardice. Not Austria alone, but Germany, France, England and the United States contain millions of agonized mothers, wives, sisters, millions more of starving children and uniformed men who have outsuffered the inspirations and the hatred of war, who do not believe that the universe is so meanly put together or the powers of righteousness are so ineffectual that the onward sweep of God's truth can be seriously wrecked or effectually promoted by the decisions of battlefields.

Were the Germans to enter Paris, achieve another Waterloo victory, which is scarcely thinkable, they still could not effect the righteousness of the cause of the conquered nor the permanent triumph of democracy. They will still be right, victoriously right, who not only believe that there is a better way but that the only way to make democracy safe throughout the world is to trust democratic methods.

This is not simply the cry of women and children, it is the sober second thought of the growing multitude within college walls and behind Christian pulpits. The current press notwithstanding, the United States of America is alive with protest as an analysis of recent election returns unquestionably shows. For all the wild clamor of newspapers and fearful denunciations of preachers the election returns are such as to compel a new invoice of the spiritual assets of the country, a forcible recognition of the fact that love and reason, justice and progress, are not now hanging on the bayonet points of any or all armies. The battle issues will only prove where the greater number, the larger revenues and the more ample supplies and perhaps the most relentless brutality exists, that and nothing more.

Should not even Czernin be given the benefit of the doubt when he offers a possible road to peace? Were the devil to plead for the unrepresented sufferers and the prophets of love, ought he not be given a hearing?

These last words of the President need to be balanced by the words of a greater American, Emerson,

> The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice. . . . Not in an obscure corner, not in feudal Europe but in this broad America of God and man is to come the decision, shall it be war or shall it be peace?

The words of Andrew Carnegie given below are not only as true now as when uttered, but as American now as when enunciated. They represent a measure of patriotism and offer a standard of loyalty more worthy of respect than ever before. Diplomacy must not be made synonymous with duplicity. The bleeding nations are waiting for a leader who will believe that the cry for peace is real and that there is a noble road to peace and that nobility never runs parallel with trench barriers.

> Napoleon declared war to be "the trade of barbarians." Wellington writes Lord Shaftsbury, "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another." General Grant, offered a military review by the Duke of Cambridge, declined, saying he never wished to look upon a regiment of soldiers again. General Sherman writes he was "tired and sick of the war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell."

Revolution After the War

Many persons are predicting that there will come radical, if not revolutionary, changes after the war, and in consequence of it. These changes will be not only political, but industrial, economic, ethical and religious. That the world can go back definitely to the old pre-war conditions seems to be impossible. That the aristocratic classes in Europe will hold the old dominating position cannot be conceived as probable. That wealth will remain in such absolute control in this country as it had in the time before the war is not to be imagined. New forces and new ideas on every hand are coming forward, and these are not likely to be suppressed when peace is determined.

This view of the coming situation might be prophesied of with the deepest conviction that it would be certainly realized were it not for the profound and far-reaching influence of the traditional and the established. Progress is always very slow, for the reason that what is already existent controls the thinking of most persons. In a word, what the great majority accepts is not determined by reason and science, but by emotion and sentiment. Therefore most persons cling tenaciously to what they have been taught in childhood, that is, to what has been passed on to them from preceding generations, and is rightly designated as the traditional. This strongest of all human tendencies dominates the manner and rate of human progress in all generations.

However, the present war is of such a world-wide extent, has so completely broken up old ties and associations, that men and women everywhere are turning away from the traditional, the established, the old order and ideal. The socialists might have preached and pleaded for a century before they could have secured the measure of state socialism which a year of war has brought about in this country. Nearly four years of war in Europe has abolished the outrageous autocratic and tyrannical power in Russia, and given a prominence to the labor movement in Great Britain no one could have supposed was possible of realization in so short a time and to such a large extent. At the same time in all countries the woman's cause has been moved forward by almost centuries of progress.

Viewing the situation throughout the world as it actually exists to-day, it is impossible to anticipate that the before-the-war conditions will return in full force. To what degree they will come back no one is

prepared now to say. Most assuredly in a thousand ways the world will never be again what it was before. The actual physical conditions brought about as direct results of the war, the changes in geographical limits of states, the historic events of wide-reaching importance, the memories and traditions of the war, the necessary survivals of some of the changes directly brought about by the war—all these will remain to give new directions to the life of mankind. It is impossible to think that the position of labor and of women will be ever again what it was before.

At the same time, must we not opine that the ethical life of nations will change to some extent? The very condemnation of the violation of treaties will remain as a new standard for the nations, and as demanding that nations, as individuals, shall be faithful to their pledges. The wide-reaching plea for the federation in some form of all the nations of the earth, accepted by all the combatants, will have its effect without doubt. It may take yet more centuries to realize this new ideal to the full extent of its meanings, but a fresh standard for national conduct has been set up. In time it will grow into a great and dominating tradition, that will require acceptance on the part of all peoples who would be regarded as civilized.

Of all human forces religion is the most conservative, and the slowest to make those changes which will bring it into conformity with the thought of the age. Yet who can doubt that religion itself is destined to make many changes of importance as a collateral result of the war? Precisely what these will be no one can as yet anticipate. The old verbiage of religion will be subjected to much criticism and rejection, without doubt. It is now undergoing that process. The theology and metaphysic of religion, which have wrought in it such infinite mischief, will be pushed aside to no small extent. The war is making on every hand a demand for a practical and human religion, a religion of deed and not of belief. Ritual seems of all things silly and futile in face of the stern realities of the battlefield.

If religion must stand aside as a mere observer, and can do nothing to prevent war, it will be condemned as nothing else can condemn it. The futility of much of its teaching has been made very apparent in these four years. It must be reformed and brought to date or it is condemned by its own futility to meet the conditions of a world-struggle like that which we are now facing. No plea that it is something aside from such contests, something above them, can save it from the condemnation it deserves because of its lack of humanity, and the failure of its teaching of love and good-will. The years to come will decide whether the old religion is to go on, or if we shall accept a fresh recasting of its purposes and its ideals, a thing for which we may greatly hope. G. W. C.

A Reasonable Pacifism

Every high-minded, just and humane person is a Pacifist; that is, he believes peace and good-will, not hatred and war, to be the normal and desirable state of human society. He holds that war is a terrible evil and scourge of mankind, and a deplorable, if not futile, method of settling international differences. He accepts the teaching of the Master: "Blessed are the Peacemakers, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and believes that the latter can only be attained in all its fullness when "the meek shall inherit the earth." Such a one will endeavor, therefore, to return good for evil, and seek to overcome evil with good. With the prophet of olden time he will strive to bring about that happier order of society when "men shall make their officers peace and their rulers of righteousness," when "nation shall not lift up the sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more," when "the end and effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance forever."

The only difference between men thus enlightened and kindly disposed is as to how and when this ideal of human brotherhood can be made actual on earth.

The ultra, or doctrinaire, Pacifist maintains that each individual conscience must decide this matter for itself and for society from the standpoint of immediate personal duty. Non-resistance to evil, the refusal to employ physical force in withstanding the assaults of lawless and brutal antagonists, whatever evil consequences this may entail for others as well as ourselves; even though it result in the overthrow of the existing order of society—these are absolute ethical requirements. They constitute the supreme allegiance of the soul. Peace at once, and at any price, is the paramount concern of the individual and the community. Of course, this type of Pacifist believes that ultimately his non-resistant attitude will benefit human society. It will awaken wonder, prompt reflection, kindle pity and remorse, and lead to the moral regeneration of his militant oppressors, and to the final transformation of the social order into the kingdom of Heaven on earth. But this consideration is subordinate to the observance of one's individual duty never to resist evil with physical means, and always to accept passively the assaults made upon oneself and others. A well-known and thorough-going American Pacifist declared to the writer: "If my wife and daughter were assaulted before my eyes, I might remonstrate and plead, but I would not lift a finger to prevent it by physical force."

Such a frame of mind reminds one of the noted saying of the French Revolutionist Anacharsis Cloots, who, defending in convention the wholesale guillotining of aristocrats, declared: "Gentlemen, the principle of Liberty is so inestimably precious that it would be cheaply purchased by the extinction of the whole human race from the face of the globe."

With a logic equally remorseless and absurd the doctrinaire Pacifist maintains that the principle of peace is so inestimably precious that it would be cheaply purchased by the destruction of every other human value, home, kindred, industry, government, and nationality. All should be meekly surrendered to the aggressor, however greedy, cruel and tyrannous, and with them the causes of other struggling peoples, as Belgium, Servia, France and Russia. Righteousness, justice and mercy would thus be trampled under

foot, and an unscrupulous and brutal militarism enthroned over all. Surely, such a theory of ethics, such an outcome of the world-war, cannot commend itself to a rational and just mind, or be the true solution of the present international situation.

The reasonable Pacifist cherishes no less ardently the vision of universal peace, but holds that in the scale of ethical values there are other human interests which are superior to, and take precedence of it in the performance of individual and social obligation. Such are freedom, truth, righteousness, justice, and mercy. "First pure, then peaceable." We owe it to ourselves and others to ask whether our refusal to resist wicked and forceful aggression is the only way in which it can be effectively overcome, namely, by superior force, may it not undermine our own sense of honor and justice, and at the same time cause suffering and wrong to innocent and defenseless peoples who rightly look to us for sympathy and help. Our selfish non-resistance would endanger free institutions, imperil democracy and world-brotherhood, arrest civilization, and lead to the triumph of autocracy and militarism, those twin foes to human welfare and world-peace. The present plight of Russia is an instructive illustration of this truth.

It is evident that while international peace is a sublime ideal, humanity is not as yet possessed by it. It is still animated by the opposite spirit. It is futile to talk about the blessings which would follow *if* men would only accept the Pacifist doctrine. Mankind must approximate to it gradually, as it arrives at every other lofty goal. War is a terrible evil, despite the incidental good which often accompanies it. Yet it is sometimes the only possible way, as in the present crisis, by which the attainments of civilization can be assured and progress made. Our Revolutionary and Civil wars taught us this lesson. Pacifist John Morley, in his recent Recollections, tells us that our American Civil War, resulting in the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the slaves, which could not, in that epoch, have been secured in any other way, was one war that was justified by its results.

We may hope that under the leadership of President Wilson our war with the German Government may be conducted in a similar spirit and for equally high ends. Until those ends shall be measurably accomplished no just or enduring peace can be arrived at. But when it shall have been made, and the world settles down to a new era of constructive civilization and international amity, we may be sure that the ideals of peace, dimmed, but not lost sight of during the war, will shine with a new splendor. Reinforced by all the experiences of the past years of struggle and suffering they will become central and irresistible. International Law, a League of Nations, a Central Court, an International Police, a reduction of armaments, and all other external devices to secure universal peace, will occupy a larger place than ever in the attention of peoples. The preaching of Christ's doctrine of peace and love will be emphasized as never before, for it is only by the conversion of individual souls to this gospel that men's disposition to suspect and dislike each other can be finally transformed into mutual confidence and mutual aid. This is a slow process, but reasonable Pacifism combined with the enthusiasm for humanity will bring it to pass. C. W. W.

THE PULPIT

Studies in Modern Mysticism

VII.

Realizing God

The Awakened Life

Sermon preached February 24, 1918, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

In the silence of this holy opportunity, in the quiet of this place of escape from the hurry and the noise, the fever and the hates of life, in the sweet perceptions of truth, love and duty we would worship this morning. Father, we dare take upon our lips words, poor counters of thought, phrases, inadequate measurement of feeling, in the hope that we may catch some fresh glimpse of thy presence, feel new throbs of thy life. O, God, awaken in us a new sense of thy presence, grant to our finite eyes a revelation of thyself. Amen.

However we may define God we must confess that every definition is inadequate. Whatever God is or wherever he is not, he is not to be found in human phrases. He is not to be discovered by the resources of the dictionary. Whatever God is he is beyond our philosophies and evades our analyses. In a very true and real sense the devils may believe and tremble, the hardened of heart may formulate pious phrases, the selfish may write hymns of love and the undevout repeat most devout ritual. I am not here to argue for God this morning. I am here to enumerate, if I may, a few of the pathways that lead the soul into a sense of the divine. For religion is an experience and not a creed, a life and not a theology.

"All roads lead to thee," says the Arabic proverb and which has been so searchingly interpreted in the lines of my friend William C. Gannett. [See page 95.] Let us take the simplest road to God, the sunshine road. The sunset glory, the unspeakable message of the daisy, the revelation of the violet, the emphasis of the rose, all lead to the divine presence. Think of all the marvelous beauty that breaks into glory on desert wastes, that spreads the delicate veil of beauty on the rugged mountain sides and when sunshine fails frost takes up the divine anthem and the snow mimics the star-rayed daisy. All the glory of the outward world is a highway that leads to God.

If unfortunately we are blind to the beauty of the clover leaf, the grace of the drooping birch, the lady of the forest—if we are blind to all this, then let the clouds introduce us to the sweeping majesty of the skies; let the stars bring their revelations to the heart of man. And if in our ignorance we fail to fathom the measureless spaces above let us hie ourselves to an observatory, or take at second hand the testimony of the astronomer, who will spell out for us the a-b-c of the stars. Let us note the mighty certainty of the swinging planets, trace the wanderings of the comets, never aimless, never lawless, but prompt to the engagement made "when first the morning stars sang together for joy." They arrive at the appointed second in the field to which the astronomer has adjusted his telescope. When no Bible text helps you and the hymn-book fails, go get a copy of the nautical almanac, which contains computations of the astronomers at Greenwich observatory, for ten years ahead. Read in man-made schedules the appointments of all the stars

that men have been able to catalogue. You may count on their arrival and departure in your field of the sky figured out ten years ago by the astronomer. This almanac is an adequate introduction to you any night in any observatory to which you can find access. It will tell you how to find Mars and Venus and accompany them a little way, oh, such a little way! and then you can visit Jupiter on his tireless journey.

If this immensity fails to touch you with awe, if distance paralyzes the mind, then try the revealing power of the laboratory. Seek the commentary on God's holy scripture made by the microscope. It will introduce you into the realm of littleness which challenges your awe, admiration and love as surely as the telescope. There in realms below human vision, as yonder in the vast realm beyond the reach of the human eye, abides order, unfailing method, unerring, a promise beyond statement.

But if this outer realm that reaches from the clover leaf to the star, that takes cognizance of mountain ranges and the happy people that live in a drop of water fails you, then come nearer home, observe this sacred temple in which we live, furnished with, at least, five windows out of which the soul looks and takes note of this world. Oh, this holy body of mine, a fabric more intricate and marvelous in its plan than any other thing ever projected out of human loom or divine shop, the most exquisite, delicate and responsive contrivance in nature. Think of the marvelous arterial system, interlocked with nerves and bones and muscles, all of them woven and interwoven without my consultation and offered to me for lifelong use without price, this working of a heart that I cannot control, a pulse arranged for me before I woke to consciousness and will stay by me until the mystery of the cradle is matched by the mystery of the coffin, the one not one whit more marvelous than the other. Oh! this body of mine so deftly planned, this mechanism of fore arm, wrist and fingers, the most ingenious and adjustable thing in the way of mechanism, in art or nature. And this face divine now shining with Madonna radiance, and again shaded with grandmother tenderness. Think again of the manly, fatherly features touched with anxieties that challenge the highest skill of the artist. The majesty of the human form and feature baffle the masters with brush and chisel in their efforts to reproduce. All artists bow in glad humility before this radiance, for they know that they must fall far short of the beauty that is found in the humblest hut, of the glory that is revealed in the darkest alley, the love that reaches down, down below the human into subhuman realms, that reaches the gospel of the bird's nest and touches with human-like religious devotion the instinct of the mother dog as she lavishes upon her pups a maternal skill and devotion that deserves the word religious.

How can we realize God in this marvelous outward world?

A fire-mist and a planet,—
  A crystal and a cell,—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cave-men dwell:
Than a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Alas! for him that is dull and deaf to the call of this outer world. Pitiable is the infidelity, crippling is the atheism that dismisses this wonderful cosmos of things, including the capstone of creative beauty and power and fitness, the human body.

But should this outer world, this temple not made with hands, emphasized in what we call matter, fail to awaken within us a realizing sense of the divine do we dare dismiss this outer world with a diminishing accent? I pity the soul that can talk of "matter" and "material" and "materiality" in contemptuous terms or deny their existence altogether. That is an atheism most deplorable. Heaven grant us a vision of the heavenly quality of material things, the celestial beauty of earthly facts.

But if we fail on these lines, for we are in search this morning for human pathways to God, let us try the road of history, the great highway of human experience. Percy MacKaye says,

Two song-birds build their nests within my brain,
And hatch strange broods, each to his own refrain;
  Ever one sings: "Tomorrow,
  Sweet Joy!" The other: "Yesterday, sweet sorrow!"

Let us listen to the latter voice first, the voice that sings ever of the "yesterdays." O, it is a sad story when read in fragments. It is a story of cruelties, of stupidity, of carnage, a story of selfishness and tyranny, a story of murder and war which may well challenge our superficial piety and confuse our man-made theology, our creeds born out of our ignorance and narrowness. By such a study we seem to be justified in joining with the cynic in the Psalms, "Where is thy God?" Where is your religion? Or in the phrase of modern skepticism, What about your Christ? Your saints and their inefficiencies? Sure enough, what about them? Sometimes is it not borne in upon us when we use a sufficiently long measuring line, that

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
  As round and round we run;
And the Truth shall ever come uppermost,
  And Justice shall we done.

Sometimes does it not come to us with the accents of prayer, that poor, stumbling man out of his ignorance has been slowly but surely spelling out the beatitudes of life, making real in heart, home and in nation the "blesseds" of the Sermon on the Mount? Are we not compelled at times to believe that the "race is not for the swift and victory is not for the strong," but that on the Calvarys of history have the world-makers triumphed? As we read deeply into the history of man we hasten to find shelter and comfort and a homesick feeling with the beaten. What is it gives us a yearning for a place with the defeated and hopeless minority? Was Frederick Douglas, the runaway slave with a black skin, justified in his great dictum, "One with God is a majority!"? Who, what, where does this majority of the beaten come from?

Has not Edwin Markham written for us our own confession of faith? He says:

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers,
And heroes called to mortal years—

Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.

This is condensed history. He is right when he further dares deal in particulars:

Lincoln, Mazzini, Lamennais,
Doing the deeds that others pray:
Cromwell, St. Francis, and the rest,
Bearing the God-fire in the breast—
These are the sons of sacred flame,
Their brows marked with the sacred name—
The company of souls supreme,
The conscripts of the mighty Dream.

Made of unpurchasable stuff,
They went the way when ways were rough;
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose, and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held thru the dark and trusted Him—
Brave souls that took the perilous trail
And felt the vision could not fail.

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonder of a word.
But all thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken Earth,
And then called back to God again
To make Heaven possible for men.

I appeal to history to justify the "Poet of the Dream." When the multitude feeds our skepticism, when the blight of ecclesiasticism and the conceit of rulers, whether Kaiser, Czar, King or President, discourage, we hasten to take shelter with the crucified ones and our faith is restored. Our belief in God comes back to us with new and irresistible power and an ever renewing accent when we find that the law of justice, the demands of equity, the dictates of love are certain, accurate, inevitable, and when we make the calculation in the economy of spirit as reliable as the formulas of the laboratory, the laws of chemistry or the theorems of Euclid. Realizing this we dare to say we will still believe in God, but do not ask us to interpret him, for that we cannot do, for finiteness cannot comprehend infinity any more than can I dip the ocean in my pint cup.

I dip into history and find something at work in this universe, this globe of man, which is steadily denying injustice and enthroning justice, disarming selfishness and crowning love with marvelous potency. This something in the past has dethroned nations as it has been busy dehorning the animals, supplanting claws and fangs with brains and lamb-like qualities.

Do we not find God in the disappointments and defeats of the world? Searching the realm of soul we find ourseleves unwittingly in communication with those whom the ages have called blessed. When sorely defeated,—

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

. . . . .

Speak, History! who are Life's Victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

Surely there is power not of human creation that manages the stars. This power is computable by human reckoning when we get the secret of astronomy. Is there not also a something that breaks into star rays on the spirit deserts inhospitable to man, on mountain heights unattainable to the human? If there is a mechanism of the soul which we did not and cannot construct and, Heaven be thanked! which we cannot successfully interfere with, even with our ignorance and stupidity—does it not give a glimpse of the Divine? How much more should this slow triumph of law, this conquering sanity of love, supplanting hate with patience and justice, give us a very real and new sense of God?

I am not going in search of him, I am trying to find out how he finds us out. How the Divine besets us, inspires us, claims us and leads us to himself even through our rebellion and our defiance.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

Never mind the name. I do not care whether you spell it with a capital G or no G, with one or two o's, it is forever an X that represents the enlarging quantity, the uncomputed equation.

Now let us take Percy MacKaye's second voice for a moment, the "song bird" that "builds his nest within his brain" that he talks about. It hatches strange broods, song birds that "Ever sing of tomorrow!" Yes, tomorrow! tomorrow! The robins are on their way here and all the way they are chanting "Tomorrow! tomorrow!" The wild geese are flying northward from the Florida glades to the nesting place in Canada, and they are honking "Tomorrow! tomorrow!" The schoolboy goes out joyfully with his books, turns his back on skates and marbles because there is something inside of him that sings "Tomorrow! tomorrow!" The young man and woman pledge themselves in thought and devotion, to untried mysteries and unmeasured burdens, because there is a voice heard by the inner ear singing "Tomorrow! tomorrow!" Our forefathers dared the wilds of an unconquered country, braved the dangers of unknown seas, because there was something with Puritan accents, Calvinistic rigidness, that demanded if they could not sing it they must groan in solemn tones, "Tomorrow! tomorrow!" and so they came.

Whence comes this chant of the tomorrow? Is it not something in the human mind allied to that which Newton discovered which he called gravity, the unmeasured and unsuspected attraction, a pull of the spirit, a prophecy of the heart, which makes us feel

that somehow "we are allied to that which does provide"?

The inner road to God is a brave road to many, an available road to all. About a hundred years ago, two talented boys were born into a gifted home in London. The father was a prosperous banker with a clean life and high ambition for his boys. The mother had been tried as by fire in the Huguenot discipline. Her forelders had sought shelter in the protecting England. These two boys were John Henry and Francis William Newman. John Henry died in 1890, at eighty-nine years of age. Francis William died seven years later, in 1897, at ninety-two years of age. They both were foreordained, by their parents and by their nature, for the ministry. The ministry of the established Church of England was the assumed destiny of both of them. All that universities could do for them was at their service. Both of them were worthy their high opportunities. One took the road of "yesterday." He looked back. With wonderful fidelity, ability and unquestioned consecration he landed in the Catholic Church of Rome; that was John Henry. Francis William, his room-mate and class-mate in college, took the "tomorrow" road and looked forward. He soon found that he could not meet the conditions even of the Anglican Church and to the disappointment of father, mother and brother, and doubtless to the agony of his own soul, he refused the orders that were offered him. He could not accept the creeds, forms and ceremonies, but fared forth on his own quest. He sought truth and to serve the right and beauty in his own way. But he also spelled his life in terms of religion. It is a long and beautiful story, but at the end of long lives, one of these boys landed in the Church of Rome, and the other as a seer and leader of a church without formula, ritual or bishop, but based only on loyalty to the inner light. Francis William communed with Martineau and Emerson and with them interpreted God in terms of human experience, listened to the prompting of their souls and recognized in these the voice of God. John Henry wrote "The Grammar of Faith," which I suppose is the most learned and logical effort to justify the Church of Rome by philosophy to be found in English print. Francis William wrote a great classic of free religion, entitled "The Soul," which is the book of Job and Psalms rolled into one and brought down to date by this English writer.

Now the interesting point I wish to make is that those two brothers arrived in the same place. They climbed the same mountain of vision from opposite sides and they met on the summit. Both brothers spelled their experiences in terms of God. "Lead Kindly Light!" the song of one, was the practice and joy of both. So if outward paths disappoint us let us trust the road within that leads to the sanctities.

Let me not flinch in this quest. Peace is the reward, shall we say, of God? What about the unrest? The joys of the "tomorrow" are easily put into the hymn, but what about the sorrows of yesterday? The road of shame is a road to God. The remorse that will not let us sleep, the worm in the brain that gnaws away at our mistakes, our crimes, our neglects, how are we to interpret them? I suspect we would admit in our rebellious moods that we would wish to escape the blush and deny the shame. We say, "We will be happy and curse." "We will be joyous and hate." You cannot do it, sister. You cannot do it, brother, much as you would like to, for there is something, not of your own or human organization, that will harry you into the thought of God. I have recently been reading and interpreting to my classes "The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson, a wonderful poem. Not the "Hound of Hell," mind you. You can stand the clutches of the devil and survive, but you must and will give up to the divine avenger. The besetting God is too much for you.

Even our denials are pathways that lead directly to the gate of his highway. I like the God of the sincere atheist, I like to companion the skeptics, because nobly interpreted most of them are simply guilty of hasty speech on their way towards God. Hold up a little and you will change your vocalization. "O, I do not believe in God!" "This world was not made in six days!" "There was no flood!" "There was no Eden!" "There is no hell," and consequently "I throw your God overboard!" What remains, brother? Why, that thing you are believing in, order, unfolding, irresistible order. "But I do not believe in miracles." What do you believe in? Law, order? That is better. You have brought God nearer to you by this denial. Yes. Deny the devil in order to affirm the divine. "O, I do not believe in disease, I do not believe in the body, I do not believe in sickness, there is no such thing." Well, what do you believe in? "I believe in health, in spirit." Well, live up to your belief and that is creed enough to make you saintly. If the belief lifts you out of your petty, miserable consciousness of your own little schemes and little plans, it is well with you. But if you are guilty of the crowning infidelity of today that presumes that your little schemes and your little philosophies are adequate measures of the resources of the eternal, or what is still worse, if you think that your own little aches and pains, your backache and broken nerves, are objects by which you may measure the benefactions of the universe, the benedictions of the centuries, then indeed you have lost the path and are in danger of floundering in the marsh or of traveling in a circle in the forest in which you are lost.

Where then do we find resting places for the trusting heart, altar places for the devout soul? Anywhere, everywhere, only so you do not close the books or force a balance on your ledger. Keep the account open.

Alexander Smith in a book too much forgotten, "Dream Thorpe," a beautiful book that appealed mightily to the best minds of the last generation, has a wonderful sketch of an execution in Scotland where certain criminals on a bright Spring morning were hung in an open field in the presence of a vast multitude. Just at the moment of intense suspense and awful anxiety when the entire multitude were awed into silence except when broken with sobs, there arose out of the grass at the foot of the gallows, a skylark, and it wheeled its way upward and as it rose it sang and the song fell like sparkling drops of rain out of the sky. The bird had risen out of sight. Then the dread drop came and these criminals, according to the human code, were launched into eternity. It was no mere fancy of a skilful writer that connected the skylark and her song with the gallows and its defeats. I believe that I am not straining human experience or befogging history when I say that there is a skylark in the soul that wings itself upward and sings the song of faith and hope in the presence of the direst

calamity. The human soul is a skylark making out of our very mistakes a heavenly song. Our sins must eventually become stepping stones to heaven. The Bethel stones of our humiliation become altar places at which we see angels descending and ascending between earth and heaven.

But I must close. Of course, with my sermon incomplete. I ask you to remember that this is an attempt to conclude a series of seven studies on modern mysticism of some recent attempts to bridge the chasm between the seen and the unseen, the mortal and the eternal, the human and the divine. We began with the story of that ancient classic of the Hindus, the Bhagavad Gita, in which the Hindu god Krishna advises Arjuna, the pure-hearted youth, to do the deeds which his humanity recoiled from. Next we saw how at the present time descendants of the ancient Brahmins, disciples of the sacred Vedas, are trying to bring their faith down to date in the Bramo Samaj. After that we traveled westward and saw the Unitarian movement among the Mohammedans, the Bahai movement. Then followed the Theosophical, "Christian Science" and "New Thought" movements all trying to formalate anew the old philosophies by which disease will be cheated of its victims and the occult be drafted into the service of present-day science. If I had the time and skill I would like to show how all these poor, stumbling, blundering efforts of impatient men and women, distorted by overconfidence in their own theories and befogged perhaps by the over-consciousness of their own ills, must come at last to realize that all these by-paths are little trails of the spirit that lead to the broad highway that leads to God, the same old highway upon which the generations have traveled, the highways surveyed by the spiritual prophets of all races. The highway blazed out for blind or short-sighted men, by the great prophet seers of the race. The ever old and ever new highway of science, highway of history and of the inner experience of the human soul, aye, even the Godward ways of shame and disgrace, all lead him whose existence is witnessed to by our own existence.

But we must not mistake the lamp for the light, the candlestick for the candle. The lamp may take on many forms only so the bowl holds the illuminating fluid. The candlestick may be moulded by many hands in response to many thoughts only so the candle be lit. What we want is light; God is ever at hand whenever the soul is in the God-receiving attitude.

We would be amused were we not annoyed and discouraged by this complacent assumption of all the great warring "powers" today that they are in the confidences of the Almighty. One patent fact is unquestionable, that Kings, Kaiser and Presidents are guilty of the high audacity of commending their way to the Almighty. They leave their followers in the hands of the Eternal, assuring them that God is on their side. This is the assumption whether the appeal be made in the Russian, English, French, Italian or German tongue. I believe they are all right. The Almighty that I believe in understands all those languages and a great many more beside. The God that comes to me in my better and higher moments is the God that recognizes sincerity, everywhere is a God who lends himself to heroism, wherever found, a God forever present wherever there is love, a God that appreciates sacrifice, a God that somehow compensates suffering.

Where is the Almighty in this war? He is wherever there is a sincere, humble peasant who has left home and loved ones to offer his life a willing sacrifice to his ideal, his thought of right, his cause of God. On which side is God in this battle? He is on the side of the loving wherever there is a woman's heart breaking, wherever there is a hungry child crying, wherever there is a man in the trenches who gladly accepts danger and hunger and cold and fever in the interest of wife and children beyond the mountains and across the river. He has surveyed no national boundaries. His lexicon is not confined to your language or mine. He is not ignorant of Russ, Hun, Saxon or French. Neither is he partial to any one vocabulary. He is the God of All Souls and those who climb the mountain of difficulties in his service find him at the top. Nay, like the hero of the Maha Bharata pilgrimage of which I have spoken in this course, God has been with his children all the way up the mountain. Wherever the sincere pilgrim is he is there. God is on their side. So the prayers of all these leaders are justified except when they put a limit to the divine benignancy. Let President and King and Kaiser commend to the unseen and the unmeasured their swords, but let them beware lest they practice infidelity and exercise atheism in the face of the Eternal by supposing that he is measured by their limitations and that his benignancy will shed a radiance only on their side of the trench. His sunshine, aye, his shadows, do fall on both sides of the barbed wire defenses.

I rest in the faith that the time will come when out of this travail of ours the lesson will be plain which now is so obscure, and that is, that God is not on the side of the heaviest battalion but he is on the side of the loving and loyal, wherever found, and they are to be found under all the flags. He is on the side of the faithful and the sacrificing. He is with those who travel on their poor, blind little side pathways of duty quite innocent of the truth that those they deem false are going the same way and that connections will be made somewhere on the great highway of love, the great God turnpike that leads towards heaven.

That road is a Macadam way. It is not made of big blocks as were the ancient highways of Rome, but out of little stones, limited to a size that will pass through a ring of one and a half inches diameter, according to Mr. Macadam's formula of a hundred years ago. These humble lives, these little fragments of the great blocks of humanity, have laid down their bodies and cemented the highway of God with their blood that others coming after them may find the way still travel worthy.

His temples are everywhere. UNITY for February 21 contains two pages of remarkable poetry, poetry gathered by an American Friend from English sources, all of them written from "Behind the Bars," by those who have been behind the bars in England in 1916 and 1917 because their consciences necessitated it. One of these men gives me a closing word for my sermon. It was written in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, England. What a suggestive name! This man, looking through the barred lights of his cell, sees things.

Where is the house of God that I may go and pray?
Is it where lifted sod is blessed on festal day?
Is it where hand of man has wrought an edifice divine,
When builder's skill and artist's thought, in raising it, combine?

Is it where robèd priest leads multitudes in prayer,
Where all may come and feast on sermons rich and rare?
Is it where organ loudly peals and choir divinely sings,
Where richest altar cloth conceals God's so-called holy things?

No, no! God's house may be in any spot on earth,
Where eye of man can see the vision of Love's birth.
When from the glorious heavens, comes down for human feet,
The ladder of God's perfect love—
There is God's house complete.

Infinite Nearness, besetting Love, far-reaching potency whom we call Father, keep us in the hollow of thy hand until we meet again. Amen.

The Modern Church—The Divine Adventure

The Church exists to give witness to the world that there is an intense divine adventure to which men and women are called. The Church gives expression and fellowship to those who feel, by a nascent joy, that God is drawing near to them and they to God.

The divine adventure has no creed, no confession, no dogma, no "denomination"—no division. It is the recognition of the presence of God, and thereafter its practice. It is the faint pulse of the mighty experience which was Christ's. This experience, so he tried to teach men, is in the world for whomsoever will. That there should ever arise separation in the manner of experiencing this marvel was outside Christ's thought. Perhaps the separation was inevitable, because he came early, when the race was primitive. It is primitive now, but there is dawning within it a kind of shame that it has let inessentials so occupy the great stage set for the tremendous drama of the soul of man.

From this country and that, from this "religion" and that, comes witnessing which says, "Your experience is our experience. It is a quickening, a raising of existence to a new level, a revaluation." Brahmin and Christian look into each other's faces and know that each has had "realization," has been pursued by the besetting spirit, or has drawn that spirit in through the desire for God. Call it realization, conversion, illumination, rebirth, it is the experience in some degree common to "every one who thirsteth," and to some who, before they thirst, are "chosen." It takes courage to use the old cant phrases, but they are there, rich with meaning, for those who go to the Bible and the hymns in the light of the "new" knowledge. The Hebrews and the other Orientals who had a genius for religion have cried it to the world in many languages: "There is an experience of union of the soul with God. It is the supreme experience of life. It is the reason for life." And with a clarity never before equaled, Christ beset the people with it: "I and my Father are one." "Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect." And then the great key: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Those upon whom this experience dawns often desire solitude; others, we know, are immediately drawn to a fellowship, and this fellowship is the Church. *The* Church. Presbyterian illumination? Methodist or Baptist realization? Catholic or Episcopal rebirth? What have these to do with the human soul? The soul goes on its lonely way, comes into its great experience with God, is born naturally into the fellowship of those who have likewise broken through to this new level of perception. There is the Church. This is the basis for the Church Universal yet to come. It will come slowly. It will be long before the thought of the East and the West will unite. In the meantime for this West, to whom Christ is the mystical interpreter and Master, for this West to separate its Church into sects is to deny the mind of love.

The function of this Church, when it comes, will be to state its discovery, untiringly it must do that, and then await the coming of those who were on the way to the divine adventure and whose progress its own affirmations have advanced. For so powerful and constant must these affirmations be that they will actually kindle souls to the great consciousness.

There are now many who believe this to be the supreme mission of the Church—the Church Universal. A few years ago these would have said that its secondary function is institutional work. But now the swift functioning of the municipality and the federal government in social and civic work, of specialists in social development, makes it easy to see what our slow socialization for a time obscured, that the Church as such has but the one place: to affirm the way, the truth and the life. The individual members will always engage to be lovers and servants to men. But the Church itself will express primarily love of God and the way to find Him, love to man and the need to live that love.

In these desperate years one belief has forced itself upon many: That for the world the way out does not lie through the new motions of governments or conferences or international machinery alone. But that rather these are the body of that spirit which alone can secure us. That our single hope of an ordered world will lie at last in the new relationships of the individual soul to God—in religion. The hope of the world is the rebirth of the soul, into a new attitude toward God, and thus toward life and toward all creatures; and this is religion. Those who come into this rebirth will make up the Church, sectless, schismless, as far above the action of petty method and manner as love is above prejudice and preference. It is as if all the churches that have gone before were but the shadow, the footfall, the garment's hem, of that Universal Church to come which shall be a single, living organism, developed and nourished from within. Its principle will be the principle of the universal inner life.

—*Zona Gale.*

From the Universalist Leader, March 2, 1918.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

God of my life, how shall these days of pain
Ever emerge in quiet April rain?
How shall these devastated hours of hope
Renew themselves in blossom on the slope
Ahead of me! How shall the poignant bliss
Of bride and motherhood receive this kiss
Of death and desolation on the brow
With sack-cloth, thorns and ashes on us now!
Joy dare not wear a braver smile than grief can claim
But O, thou God in Heaven, tell us in whose name!

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH,
Mother.

Army Post Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Feb. 3, 1918.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XII.

How Communities Began

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
"Each and All."
—Emerson

A lesson on how communities began, if adequately interpreted, would be one of the most revolutionary in the whole course; revolutionary to the conventions, traditions and accepted theories of man.

The myth side again is set forth in our Bible, where you will find an explicit account of the rise of the community. Humanity started in a single pair, in a perfect place. Through an untoward act the pair lost their chance, but we find life starting again in a more elaborate form by the three sons of Lamech, the fifth generation from Cain. The attempt at community life through Jabal, Jubal and Tubal-Cain proved a failure through the selfishness of humanity and was wiped out. The next attempt was in the family of Noah, his three sons representing the great ethnic streams of life; Shem the yellow race, Ham the black and Japhet the white. A special chance is again given in the Abraham line of descent and in the twelve sons of Jacob we have a definite, clear and concise ethnology. This mythical account is easily paralleled in all other early folklore. The Greeks had their Noah in Deucalion. In India each caste claims to be the offspring of one father and mother, and in England during the Middle Ages, the Britons asserted that they were the children of Brutus, who, after the overthrow of Troy, had settled in Britain.

This is the way that primitive man accounts for existing variations and in his thinking and dreaming guessed at his origin.

The scientific account will be unsatisfactory if you want a "yes" or "no" to your questions; those you will find in the Bible. The beginning of community life, as in our preceding studies, goes back into the dim twilight of early life and is lost in that obscurity. Way back in the life of the cave and arboreal dwellers we will find the promise and potency that points to the elaborate life of today.

The old ethnologist in all confidence started communities with the patriarchal age reflected from the Hebrew story where patriarchal government was born out of a military necessity and represented military prowess. When man began to crowd the fertile valleys where perhaps was but one stream and the grass and vegetation limited, it was the strongest father, the most influential grandfather, massing the largest number of husky boys, who would be most successful with pike in driving the other fellow out. It was asserted confidently that society was born out of the struggle for existence; that it began in man's prowess and in the main had a military and co-operative origin.

We now know that there was a matriarchate long before there was a patriarchate and that the unit of society was not the man on horseback but the mother with her babe and that the necessity of organized provision arose out of the home, out of love and not hate. Human skill was developed in providing for, protecting and making beautiful the life of the child.

The next step in the development of society was the same as in biology: to tie down the male and hold him to his responsibility, to give to the babe two parents instead of one. The struggle for double parentage reached down into animal life before man was and man had to be tamed, disciplined, organized, reconciled to the pacific industries of life by a slow process. The difficulty lies very obviously in the reluctance of man to give up his military prestige, to assume what he had thought of as woman's work, the work for the home, to lay aside the pike, the bow and arrow, and take up the hoe and the various instruments that make for home comfort.

The titles of the chapters of the book by O. T. Mason, "Woman's Place in Primitive Culture," are inspiring: The Food Bringer, The Weaver, The Skin Dresser, The Potter, The Beast of Burden, The Jack-of-all-Trades, The Artist, The Linguist, The Founder of Society, The Patron of Religion. This book will enable you to face the problems of today, to see that the desire for suffrage is simply woman's almost desperate attempt to regain her lost empire, to recover it from,—perhaps not degeneracy or degradation, but imbecility. You will be impressed with the tremendous place woman once occupied in the building of communities and realize it not dogmatically but scientifically. You will see clearly where the cleavage came.

The male in nature is the conqueror, the invader, the fighter. Woman by virtue of her womanhood doomed to suffer maternity and in her suffering to feel the burden of love, has worked along the civic, social, ameliorating activities of life.

Says the editor, Frederick Starr, in his general preface,

> Division of labour began with the invention of fire-making, and it was a division of labour based upon sex. The woman staid by the fire to keep it alive while the man went to the field or the forest for game. The world's industrialism and militancy began then and there. . . The woman at the fireside became the burden bearer, the basket-maker, the weaver, potter, agriculturist, domesticator of animals—in a word, the inventor of all the peaceful arts of life.

The chapter on The Food Bringer is inspiring. It brings out the points we have anticipated: the patience, inventiveness and marvelous ingenuity of woman in providing and preparing food. She not only gathered the wild fruits but delved for roots and found the seeds which she pounded, rolled and cooked into palatable food. The pemmican enters into the economy of the early Indians and suggests whole volumes of political economy and just as much poetry. She used the pestle and mortar, discovered the soapstone which is unaffected by heat and for the purposes of carrying water long distances, perfected baskets which would hold water, having not only economy but beauty. Read Mason's chapter on the weaver and Wharton James' on basketry.

The chapters on weaving and dyeing unfold a still more marvelous story. Primitive woman was the first tanner, the first furrier. Mason says:

> If aught in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters wore a skin, savage women were found on examination to have had a name for it, and to have succeeded in turning it into its primitive use for human clothing, and to have invented new uses undreamed of by its original owner.

There follows a painful account of woman's job in dressing the buffalo hide. She scraped the skin with a stone scraper, the oldest implement of any craft in the world. Woman made beautiful pottery before there came the triumph of the potter's wheel. The clay, found with difficulty, was coiled into rope and smoothed down, taking on beauty as well as utility. When developed into a salable article the demands of commerce drove man into this sphere. In parts of central Europe we find woman today as a beast of burden. The woman and the dog may be seen on the towing path in Holland drawing a heavy scow while his lordship in comfort steers the boat.

In addition to the above activities woman is described as a jack-of-all-trades. She was an important factor in the making of language. Philologists tell us that domestic words are those having the oldest pedigree. The point I have tried to make is justified by the art and poetry of today. By common consent the most beautiful picture in the world is the Sistine Madonna. Many of you remember French's figure of the "Republic" at the World's Fair, as that of a woman, Liberty enlightening the world. When the aspirations, such as Liberty, are visualized, woman's figure is used.

To quote Mason again:

> The longer one studies the subject the more he will be convinced that savage tribes can now be elevated chiefly through their women. When higher civilization comes upon the lower it brings to the men the gun for the bow and arrow, or the slowly and painfully made device for the capture and killing of animals; it also commands him to stop hunting and warring, and to take up woman's work. He would rather die than do this, so he becomes an idler. But it brings to the woman only better tools and processes for doing her old work, and she is lifted up. A great impediment to the present disarmament of Europe is the fact that the men would have to do woman's work when they laid down the musket.

But the heart of this lesson is the home, the family, marriage. Here again old theories need to be reconstructed. Primitive man was not lawless, undirected, a creature of his passions. The modern life is sexually the unholy life. The parents' obligation to the home is anticipated in the highly developed life of the bird. Hawks are said to mate for life. The parent birds are joint nest builders, joint providers and exchange responsibilities, with the exception of his highness Chanticleer in the barnyard, to whom the hen has learned not to look for help.

Man has risen through successive stages from promiscuity, polyandry, woman with several husbands, polygamy, man with many wives, a much more static condition in society, into monogamy. Monogamy is the demand not of anthropology alone but of biology; it is the demand of civilization and this frenzy on the part of certain advocates of a free life who would remove the checks of monogamy in the mating of men and women is a disloyalty to history. Passion is not the fundamental object, not the safest foundation of the home. Woman, though she lost her supremacy when man became a conqueror, is the unit of society, divinely appointed to the service of the generations to come, for in the fostering and development of the babe is the bond that is greater than love sexually expressed and greater than happiness. Mason in his closing paragraph says that "woman has no right to turn aside from old highways to wander in unbeaten tracks," but in looking backward he sees that:

> All this is stored capital, accumulated experience and energy. If all mankind to come should be better born and nurtured, better instructed in morals and conduct at the start, better clothed and fed and housed all their lives, better married and encompassed and refined, the old ratios of progress would be decupled. All this beneficent labour is the birthright of women, and much of it of women alone. Past glory therein is secure and it only remains to be seen how far the future will add to its lustre in the preservation of holy ideals.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the primitive belief of the Hebrews as to their origin?
(2) What need of man caused communities to grow?
(3) Where did the division of labor begin in the household?
(4) Give examples of woman's handicraft in the primitive home.

Economic Conditions of Permanent Peace

Viscount Haldane recently amazed England with a plan for centralized heating and distribution of electric motor power that will transform industries and save half a million dollars' worth of coal. Another man, Mr. Poole, in *The New Republic* for January 19, has demonstrated the importance of an even greater discovery to save a greater waste. Viscount Haldane's proposition is practicable and of enormous value. Whether Mr. Poole's ideas will have rich fruition depends upon whether the Chambers of Commerce and business men of the country will have the sagacity to see the rare value of these ideas and spread them broadcast and act upon them.

Mr. Poole shows that the terms of a real peace that will endure are already fixed by economic and political factors which can not be obliterated by either military success or failure. The war might not have occurred, had it been perceived that economic boundaries had transcended political boundaries and that the latter could not be stretched to coincide with the former. Politicians in southeastern Europe failed to see how a natural economic unity could exist except as it coincided with an artificial political unity backed up by arms. National councils became arbiters of essentially international economic affairs and they encouraged economic war, failing to see that apparent economic gains over a neighbor reacted presently on themselves; that trade is not robbery and must be mutually advantageous.

We all know the immediate occasion of the war. But the deep-lying cause is one in which all nations share. Only a new attitude regarding trade and economics can permit any military victory to be followed by permanent peace.

It goes without saying that a political democracy must first be achieved. As Kant taught all the world but his own people, the world can never have peace until it is organized and it can never be safely organized until it has representative government. But it will never be safe for democracy until it has economic democracy.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

WAR HYSTERIA IN VERMONT.

(Continued)

The Baptist official makes this statement in explaining his action, "That written agreement was secured because Waldron had promised his attorneys, his father, and myself that he would plead 'guilty,' and to plead 'guilty,' meant that he was going to keep his mouth shut on the war, and leave Windsor, which the attorneys hoped would lighten the sentence. It was only after Waldron's attorneys had been to me more than once that I consented to go before the Judge, which I did Tuesday morning the 8th, in the presence of the District Attorney, the United States Marshal and Waldron's attorneys, and plead for leniency of sentence." This statement makes it quite clear that all Waldron's advisers, legal and ecclesiastical, were united in urging him to plead guilty. In other words the spirit of the times had completely blinded the eyes of lawyers and ministers alike to the actual facts in the case as they were finally brought out by the trial.

Religion Shatters Prejudice

The sessions of the court at which the witnesses for the defense testified were truly remarkable. These people brought into the court room an unmistakable spirit of religious faith and of humble regard for the truth Their testimony was of their faith as well as of the matters at issue before the court. They described their meetings and the physical manifestations of the Holy Spirit, clearly, quietly, simply and without hesitation. To be "under the power" was to be God-conscious rather than man-conscious; the falling upon the floor was purely an incidental matter common only to the more excitable among them; the manifestation might be and usually was while kneeling or sitting. I talked with several leaders of these Pentecostal people and found that they deplored the excesses by which they are advertised. I have never been accused of tendencies toward these beliefs and practices, but did I not bear witness to the simple effectiveness of the religious lives and spirit of these people as I saw them, I would be an unworthy reporter of this trial and would leave out one of the vital elements which entered into it. I had only to recall that remarkable book of the late Professor James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," to realize that even to the cold eye of science, these people have a place in the religious sun. I had only to reflect on the cold, inert Christianity of many churches and Christians of my own respected denomination to make myself feel decidedly humble before these earnest, devoted followers of Jesus Christ. Furthermore, I am confident that, in the present case, the religious spirit which they brought into the court room, was wholly responsible for breaking down the barrier of prejudice to the extent that a conviction was made impossible on the evidence.

The result of the trial was to split public opinion wide open. Those who had not followed the evidence continued to assume Mr. Waldron guilty and felt that it would be a patriotic disgrace not to make an example of him. Those who attended the trial discovered that the man was innocent. No better evidence of this could be given than the fact that the press reports were absolutely fair to the defendant and in some cases favorable. as when it was reported in the "Brattleboro Daily Reform" that "it was the general opinion of lawyers and spectators that he (Mr. Waldron) made an excellent witness for the defense." Under the circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that the jury was unable to agree after 24 hours of deliberation and that they were finally dismissed without rendering a verdict.

It is reported that "the entire atmosphere at Brattleboro is thoroughly changed. Everybody cordial to defendant. All surprised at the result. We hear as a rumor that the jury stood 10 for acquittal and 2 for guilty."

Under the circumstances, we cannot believe that the government will go to the expense and risk of retrying the case. It cannot afford to be put in the position of persecuting a man for his religious convictions. The Baptist State officials have affirmed that they are using their influence to have the case dropped. Certainly enough has happened already to warn everybody against interfering in any way with the military forces of the United States; and, on the other hand, a perfectly clear example has been given of the blind results of war hysteria—an example which should serve to keep us all from too hasty suspicion of the motives and acts of those with whom we cannot agree.—*H. L. Rotzel for the Civil Liberties League for Democratic Control.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The peace women of England are either more heroic in their protests or they are living under a more tolerant government. In their crusade Leaflet No. 3 they ask and answer the following six questions:

Question 1.—The Germans must be punished?

Answer.—We can only do this by punishing other nations also. For every mother's son we kill, someone kills an English, French, Italian, or Russian mother's son. Who is the better for this?

Question 2.—But how about their atrocities?

Answer.—If you study the history of past wars you will find out that atrocities are part of all wars. Ask the men who have taken part in them, and they will tell you that war cannot be carried out on principles of humanity and brotherhood.

Question 3.—Would you let the Germans come here and let them do as they did in Belgium?

Answer.—A French General was asked where the women would be absolutely safe in the war. He said if you can find an undefended place without soldiers, or guns, or any armed men, they would be entirely safe there. Luxemburg has proved that he was right, as the Germans entered that place, but did not injure it, as no resistance was made. The women of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland have shown us that it is no use to trust to armies and navies to protect women. They wisely escaped (all that could do so) rather than trust to the force that had failed to protect them.

Question 4.—What about the air raids on inoffensive people?

Answer.—They were not made on inoffensive people, but as a reprisal for the attempt to starve women and children, and against a nation at war, and at work making every kind of weapon of warfare.

Question 5.—But the Germans attacked us first?

Answer.—No, England declared war against Germany first (August 4, 1914). The history, as far as we know it yet, which is very little, shows that some men in almost all the nations had their share in the wrong actions that led up to this war, and that even at the last a determined effort to delay the mobilization of Russia might have delayed the war.

Question 6.—Well, we are in it now, and we must go on to the end?

Answer.—But what if the end is a deadlock or a war of attrition? The longer we go on the nearer we are to famine and ruin for all the countries. What can any of us gain by that?

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